



StarForge

Meet the Cast

STANDARD EDITION

Spark & Anvil

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This book collects 6 chapter books from the StarForge cast — each character embodies a different curricular primitive; together they teach the full subject.

Methodology: story-based learning, where the characters embody the ideas being taught, with a trauma-informed, emotionally-safe approach.

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This is Volume 1 of 2 of the *StarForge — Meet the Cast* series; each volume is a complete standalone book you can read on its own.

For everyone who learns by hearing a story first.

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Introduction

The StarForge cast was authored to embody the curriculum, not decorate around it. Each of the 6 characters you'll meet in this book teaches a specific primitive — a particular tactic, a particular technique, a particular way of seeing. Together they form an ensemble: the cast IS the curriculum.

Read in any order. Each chapter stands alone.
Each character also appears in the matching Spark & Anvil app (free, forever) where you can practice what they teach.

— *The editors at Spark & Anvil*

Wick

*WICK — *gas collapses; pressure builds; the spark lights.**



Wick floated in the deep, dark quiet of space — a tiny, glowing creature who looked like a firefly larva in a chunky white cartoon astronaut suit that made little *poof* sounds when they moved. Their soft glow was warm cream, with a gentle ember light at the core.

Wick loves watching new stars begin. "Gas collapses; pressure builds; the spark lights," they often hum — their favorite saying, and the secret to how every star is born. They carry a stack of *protostar-cards* showing each step, and a small round *gravity-collapse-tracker* clipped to their belt. And more than anything in the whole wide universe, Wick loves the moment a cold, dark cloud finally catches fire and becomes a shining star.



Wick fell in love with star-births the very first time they saw one.

"I was so small," Wick likes to say, glow going soft with the memory. "I was drifting past this huge, cold, gray cloud — a nebula — and honestly, it looked like *nothing*. Just dust and gloom. I almost floated right past it." But something made Wick stop and wait. And wait. For a long, long time, nothing happened — the cloud just hung there, dark and quiet. "I nearly gave up," Wick admits. "I thought, this cloud is *never* going to do anything."

Then, deep in its heart, a single spark caught — *pop!* — and the whole dark cloud lit up from the inside, a brand-new star blazing to life. "I have never forgotten how that felt," Wick says. "That a thing so cold and dark and *nothing-looking* had a whole star waiting patiently inside it. From that day on, I knew my job: to float beside the quiet clouds, and wait, and watch for the spark. Because it always comes, if you're patient enough to stay."



Today, Wick hovered near just such a giant cloud — a wispy gray blanket glittering with specks of space dust. To anyone else it looked like a whole lot of nothing. But Wick knew better: this was a *star nursery*. A small sprite named Pip drifted up. "Whatcha watching, Wick? Looks empty."

"Not empty," Wick whispered, antennae wiggling. "A star is getting *born* in there. Watch that lump — see how it's pulling itself together? Almost ready."



Wick tapped the tracker — *whirr-click* — and a tiny screen lit up, showing the cloud shrinking fast. "Gravity's doing its job," Wick said, pulling out the first card: a big fluffy cloud. "Stage one — a cold gas cloud, a nebula. Gravity pulls it tighter and tighter, and it collapses, squishing in on itself." A second card showed the center glowing red. "The core gets *hot* from all that squishing — like rubbing your hands together fast." Wick rubbed two tiny gloved hands and a spark flew off. "They get warm, right? Well, the middle of that cloud gets *millions* of degrees." Wick's own glow brightened. This was the best part. The lump in the nebula pulsed; the tracker beeped loud. "*Core temperature: ten million degrees!*" chirped a tiny voice. "Hot enough to fuse hydrogen!" Wick breathed. "Time for the spark!" The lump shimmered — a tiny flash burst from its center — *POP!* — and it began to glow steadily. "YES!" Wick cheered, doing a happy spin, the chunky suit *poofing*. "Gas collapses; pressure builds; the spark lights! A protostar ignites — it becomes a main-sequence star!" Pip's mouth hung open. "It was in there the *whole time*?" "The whole time," Wick said. "Just waiting."



"How did you *know* it would light up?" Pip asked, still staring at the fresh new star.

"Because they always do," Wick said, "if you wait long enough. Thousands of years, sometimes millions. But the spark always comes."

Wick tucked the protostar-cards away and floated a little closer to the new star. Its light was still faint — just there, a warm, steady glow where a moment ago there'd been only cold and dark. And a happy warmth spread through Wick's whole glowing body, gentle and complete: the deep, patient gladness of having waited beside the quiet, and stayed, and been there at the exact moment the spark caught. *This* was Wick's joy — not the hurry, but the waiting, and then the light. Another star, born. And Wick would happily wait a thousand years to see the next one.

Read it? Now hear Wick's audio drama + go play — scan or visit:



<https://spark-and-anvil.org/cast/starforge/wick>

Glow

*GLOW — *hydrogen fusion. stable for billions of years.**



Glow floats into the room in a chunky astronaut tunic, a soft creamy-yellow light pulsing gently from their small, steady body. They're a firefly-tween, and in their tiny hands they hold a stack of star-cards; a fusion-tracker hums quietly on their wrist.

Glow loves stars — but not the flashy ones. Glow loves the *steady* ones: the stars that just keep burning, calm and reliable, day after day, for eons. "Hydrogen fusion. Stable for billions of years," Glow likes to say. Because that, to Glow, is the most beautiful thing a star can do — not blaze up and burn out, but shine on and on, the kind of light you can *count* on.



Glow learned to love the steady burn because, once, they worried a star might just... stop.

"When I was little," Glow says, "I found a star I loved — a warm yellow one — and I got this scared feeling: *what if it fizzles out? What if I look up one day and it's just gone?*" It kept Glow up through many long cosmic nights, fretting over that gentle light.

So Glow studied it, night after night, and slowly the fear turned into something wonderful. "I watched, and it *didn't* fizzle. It just kept going — steady, steady, steady. And I figured out *why*: deep in its heart, hydrogen atoms were smashing together into helium, over and over, and that fusion pushed *out* exactly as hard as gravity pulled *in*. Perfectly balanced. A star-engine that could run for *billions* of years." Glow's glow brightens just telling it. "That's when the scared feeling melted right away. Some things you really *can* count on. That's what I love best."



"Hey, Glow!" chirped a voice. A small, bouncy sprite named Pip zipped closer. "What's all that glowing about?"

"Oh — hello, Pip," Glow said. "I was just checking on the *main-sequence*."

"The what now?" Pip poked at a little glowing orb Glow had set on a stand — a model star, pulsing steady and soft.



"The *main-sequence*," Glow repeated, very seriously. "It's the best, longest way a star can shine. This one's like our Sun — right now, in its prime. Happy and bright." Pip poked it again. "So it won't just fizzle out?" "Not for a *very, very* long time," Glow assured them, fanning out the star-cards. "Inside each of these, something amazing happens — hydrogen atoms smash together and turn into helium. It's called *hydrogen fusion*, and it makes the star glow, keeps it warm, and stays stable for *billions* of years." Glow adjusted a dial on the fusion-tracker; the numbers glowed green. "See? Perfectly balanced — the push of fusion, the pull of gravity, all working together. Our own Sun's been burning five billion years, with another five billion to go." Pip whistled. "That's a lot of birthdays." "Some stars are even slower," Glow went on, delighted. "Little red dwarfs sip their hydrogen so gently they can last a *hundred* billion years. The big blue ones burn fast and bright — like a giant bonfire — and are gone in a few million. Different sizes, different speeds. But the idea's always the same: hydrogen into helium. Steady light. Steady heat." Glow sighed happily. "I like the steady ones best. The ones that just keep going."



"So when a star's on the main-sequence," Pip said slowly, "it's just... doing its job. Being steady." "You got it, Pip!" Glow's antennae wiggled with approval. "The long, steady burn. The most important part of a star's whole life."

Glow looked down at the fusion-tracker. The numbers were still green — everything balanced, everything well, at least for the main-sequence stars. And a warm, settled gladness filled Glow right up: the deep, calm, everything's-okay feeling of watching something you love hold perfectly steady, exactly as it should, with billions of good years still ahead of it. No fizzling. No fear. Just the long, reliable, faithful glow — the very feeling Glow most wanted to give to a bouncy little sprite who'd worried, just for a second, that a star might not stay.

Read it? Now hear Glow's audio drama + go play — scan or visit:



<https://spark-and-anvil.org/cast/starforge/glow>

Swell

*SWELL — *hydrogen runs out. core contracts. shell expands. helium fusion begins.**



Swell is a pufferfish-tween — not a real fish, of course, but a kid who can *puff up* — in a chunky astronaut tunic of warm cream with soft red-orange stripes. Right now they're small. But they can get *much* bigger.

Swell loves thinking about stars getting old, and their favorite thing in the universe is the great swelling — the moment a steady star runs low on fuel and balloons into something enormous. "Hydrogen runs out. Core contracts. Shell expands. Helium fusion begins," Swell likes to recite, and their whole body seems to itch to demonstrate it. They keep a stack of red-giant-cards and a stellar-evolution-tracker close, and they watch the aging stars with wide, fascinated eyes.



Swell fell for the red-giant phase because it taught them that endings can be *spectacular*.

"For a long time I thought getting old was sad," Swell admits. "Like a star just running down and going dim." They'd felt a little gloomy about it, honestly — all that steady burning, and then... what? A slow fade?

Then Swell watched a Sun-like star run out of hydrogen for the first time. "And it didn't just fade!" Swell says, cheeks already puffing at the memory. "Its core squeezed down tight and got *hotter than ever* — hot enough to start fusing a whole new fuel, helium! — and its outer shell *ballooned* out, huge and red and glorious, a hundred times bigger than before." Swell lets out a delighted breath. "It wasn't running down at all. It was *transforming* — growing into the biggest, boldest version of itself right at the end. That's when I understood: a star's old age isn't small and sad. It's the most enormous, dramatic thing it ever does."



Swell sat at a console in the Stellar Observation Room, eyes glued to the tracker, where a dot labeled *Sun-like Star* had started to flicker. "Oh, dear," Swell mumbled. "It's happening."

"What's happening?" asked Pip, who was untangling a knot in their space-boot laces nearby and not really paying attention.

Swell spun around, tunic rustling. "The star! It's running out!"



Swell held up a card of a bright yellow star. "This is a main-sequence star, like our Sun right now — happily burning hydrogen. But stars don't have endless fuel. Nothing does." Their voice dropped. "Hydrogen runs out." They picked up a card of a star with a tiny bright center. "When the core's hydrogen is gone, the core *contracts*—" Swell pulled their arms in tight, a little round ball — "and then—" they took a huge breath, cheeks bulging, tunic straining at the seams — "the outer shell *expands*!" Swell's whole body ballooned, slowly then faster, until they were nearly twice their size, red-orange stripes glowing. The tracker beeped; its dot swelled and turned fiery red. "Whoa!" Pip scrambled back. Swell pointed a chubby finger. "See? The star turns into a *red giant* — a hundred times bigger than before! The core gets hotter than *ever*—" puffing up more, face bright with effort — "hot enough to fuse *helium*!" "Helium? Like balloons?" Pip asked. "Exactly!" Swell wheezed, now nearly touching the ceiling. "A whole new way to make energy. This is the red-giant phase." Then, quieter: "Our own Sun will do this — in about five billion years. It'll swell so big it'll swallow Mercury, then Venus, then... Earth." Pip's jaw dropped. "Swallow *Earth*?" Swell nodded slowly and began to shrink, the air hissing gently out. "Yep. Stars get old. They change." Back to normal size, a bit tired but glowing with fascination, Swell murmured: "Hydrogen runs out. Core contracts. Shell expands. Helium fusion begins."



"That's the biggest thing I ever heard," Pip whispered.

"It's a big change," Swell agreed softly, placing the red-giant card on top of the stack. "A really, really big change."

And even though Swell was small again, worn out from all that puffing, a warm, wondering feeling stayed puffed up inside their chest — big and quiet at the same time. Thinking about a whole star growing so vast it could swallow worlds made Swell feel tiny and amazed and strangely, peacefully glad, all mixed together at once. Endings weren't small and sad after all. Some of them, Swell knew now, were the most enormous, most dazzling thing of a whole long life — and getting to puff up and *show* somebody that was the best, most breathless job Swell could imagine.

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Pinch

PINCH — collapse. high-mass star + supernova → neutron star or black hole.



At the far end of the Starforge observatory, an octopus-tween named Pinch pulled all eight arms in tight against her body and held completely still.

She had been watching the glowing model-star on the table for a long time. It hung in the air above a dish of dark sand, burning yellow, then orange, then a deep angry red at its heart. Pinch drew her arms in closer, curling smaller and smaller, until she looked like a coiled spring in a cream-and-purple suit.

A younger kid leaned in. "Why are you scrunching up like that?"

"Because it's about to," Pinch murmured, not looking away.

"About to what?"

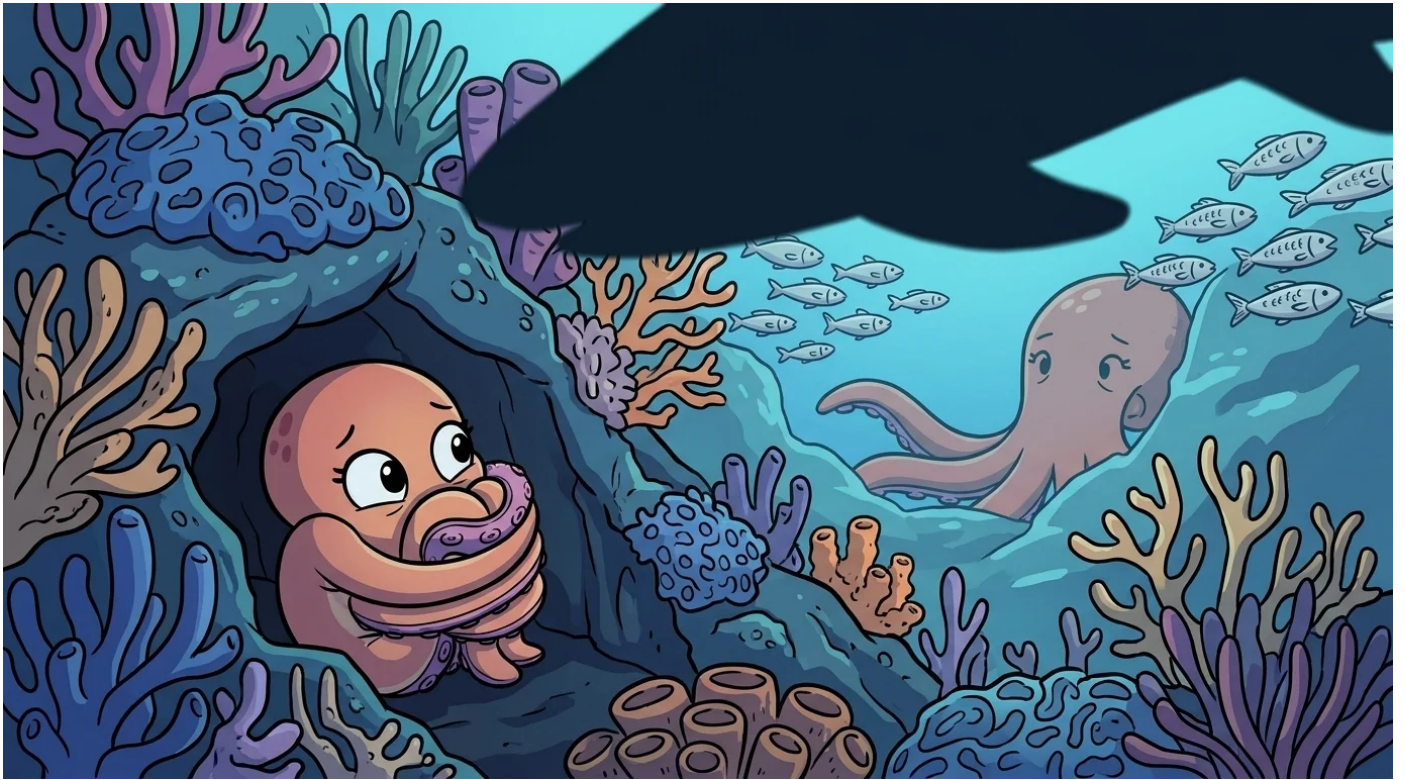
Pinch's whole body seemed to shrink one last inch — and then she flung all eight arms open at once. In the same instant the model-star flashed white, blinding, throwing light across the whole room, and burst outward into a slow spray of drifting sparks. The younger kid stumbled back.

When the light faded, only a tiny, fierce dot was left, spinning where the huge star had been.

"That," Pinch said, breathing hard, "is a star running out of things to burn. It squeezes down — fast, all at once — and when it can't squeeze anymore, it *blows*." She pointed at the little spinning dot. "And that speck? That's what's left. Smaller than the star, heavier than you can imagine."

The kid stared. "The big thing turned into the small thing."

"The big thing turned into the small thing," Pinch agreed, "and lit up half the sky doing it."



Pinch had first felt it, really felt it, when she was small — long before she understood the science.

She had been holding her breath underwater, tucked into a crack in the reef, waiting out a scary shadow that passed overhead. She'd pulled every arm in, made herself as small and tight as she could, and held, and held. Her chest ached. Everything in her wanted to burst out — but she stayed folded, packed down, waiting.

When the shadow finally moved on, she couldn't hold it one second more. She shot out of the crack all at once, arms flung wide, and the water around her seemed to *shove* — a rush so strong it startled a whole school of fish into scattering silver.

Her aunt found her floating there afterward, wide-eyed and shaky.

"You held it all in," her aunt said gently, "and then it let go all at once."

"It felt like I turned into something else," Pinch said. "Like the holding made a — a *shove*."

Her aunt smiled. "That's what pressure does, little one. Squeeze anything hard enough, long enough, and it doesn't just stay squeezed. Something has to give. And when it gives, it changes what it was." She tapped Pinch's forehead. "The bigger the hold, the bigger the change."

Pinch never forgot the feeling — the tight, packed, about-to-give ache, and the shove that came after. Years later, when someone first told her how huge stars die, she felt it again in her chest, and she thought: *oh. I know that squeeze.*



She came to Starforge at twelve, because a place that studied the sky ought to understand the kind of ending that makes something new.

The old mentor who ran the observatory met her at the door and asked only one thing. "What happens to a star that's much, much bigger than our sun?"

Pinch didn't answer with words. She curled all eight arms in tight, tighter, holding her whole body clenched until she was trembling — and then let go, throwing everything open in one sharp burst.

She looked up, a little breathless. "It squeezes until it can't. Then it lets go all at once. And what's left isn't a star anymore."

The mentor watched her for a long moment. "You didn't explain it," he said. "You *did* it."

"It's easier to feel than to say," Pinch admitted.

"You belong here," the mentor told her.



Pinch's corner of the observatory was full of things that were secretly about to give.

A girl came in one afternoon, frowning at a model-star that just sat there, huge and steady and boring. "It's not doing anything," she said. "It's been burning forever. When does the cool part happen?"

Pinch grinned. "It's building up to it right now. Watch the middle." She dimmed the room. Inside the model-star, the core glowed through layers — a bright center wrapped in shell after shell. "It burns the light stuff first. Hydrogen. Then heavier stuff, and heavier, layer under layer, like an onion." She pointed to the innermost dot, which had gone silvery and dull. "Until it makes iron. And here's the thing about iron — the star can't burn it for any more push. It's the one ash the fire can't feed on."

"So it stops?"

"So it *falls in*." Pinch pulled her arms tight, and the model-star's outer layers rushed toward the center. "Nothing's pushing back out anymore, so the whole thing crushes down on itself — in less time than it takes you to blink." She flung her arms wide. The star flashed and burst, spraying glowing dust across the dark dish. "That's the supernova. Brighter than a whole galaxy of stars, for a little while. And where the star used to be—" she pointed to the tiny, furious dot spinning in the middle "—there's a leftover so packed that one spoonful would weigh more than a mountain."

The girl leaned over the drifting dust. "It didn't just break. It made all *this*."

"Every bright bit you see," Pinch said quietly, "is a new element the star only forged in the moment it died. Carbon. Oxygen. Iron. The iron in your own blood was made in a squeeze exactly like that one, a long time before you were born."

The girl went very still. "So I'm made of the letting-go part."

Pinch's eyes shone. "We all are."



Later, when the room was empty, the girl came back with one more question. She was quieter now.

"When it's crushing down," she said, "right before it bursts — does it *hurt* the star?"

Pinch thought about the crack in the reef. About the tight chest and the held breath and the shove that came after.

"I don't think it's pain," she said slowly. "I think it's more like — that feeling when you've been holding something in so long that you're shaking with it, and you know it's coming, and there's this one clenched second where everything is squeezed as small as it can go." She wrapped her arms around herself. "And then it gives. And the giving isn't an ending, even though it looks like one. It's the loudest, brightest *making* there is."

The girl nodded, and Pinch watched the worry ease off her shoulders.

She didn't say the rest out loud, but she felt it, warm and steady under her packed-in arms: *the tightest, most about-to-burst moments are the ones that build the new thing. The squeeze isn't the end of you. It's you turning into whatever comes next.*

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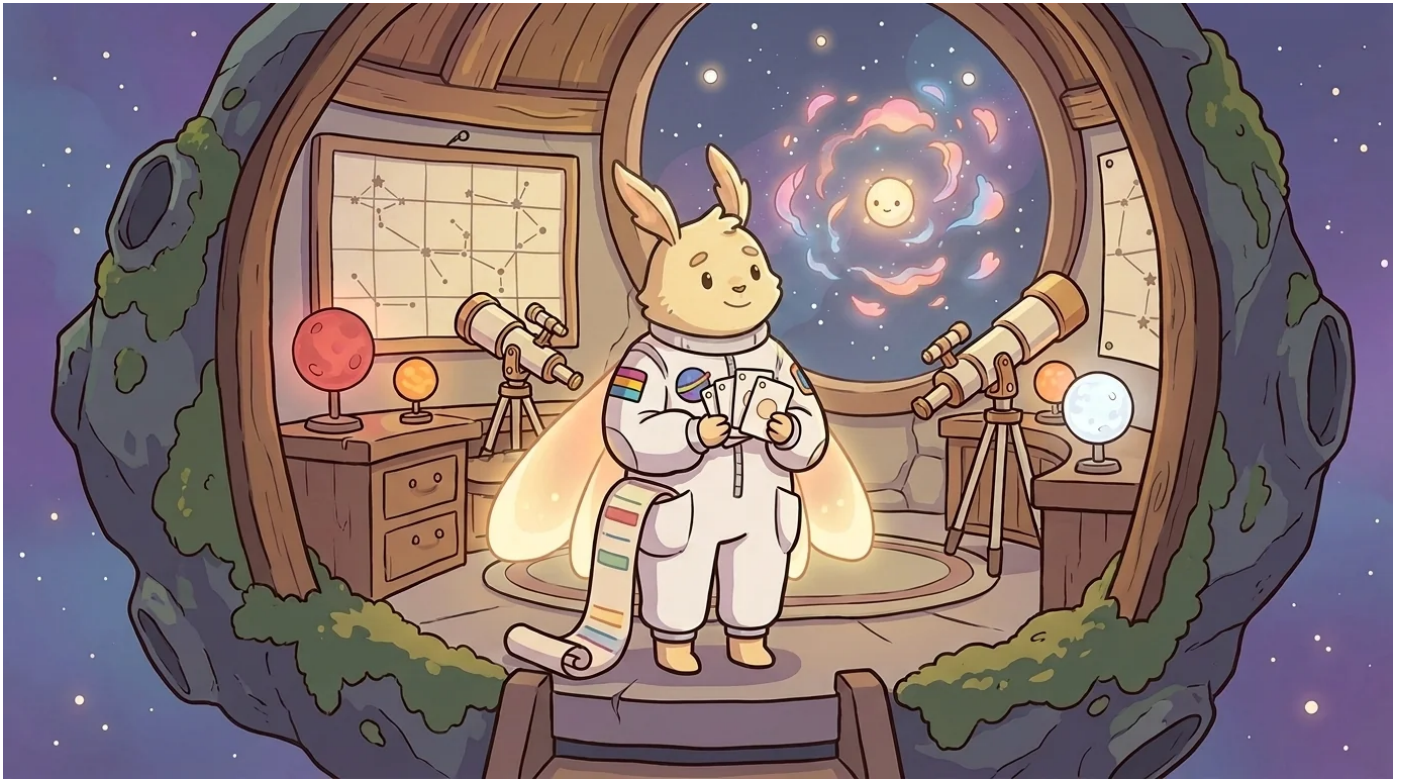
Ember

*EMBER — *white dwarf cools across billions of years. closes the stellar life cycle.**



Ember is a moth-tween in a chunky astronaut tunic, her soft wings glowing faintly as they settle quietly behind her. A warm cream color shimmers around her small, peaceful body. She carries a stack of white-dwarf cards and a long cooling-timeline-tracker rolled up in her pocket.

Ember pays close, patient attention to *old* stars — the ones near the very end. "A white dwarf cools across billions of years," she likes to say, soft and slow. "It closes the stellar life cycle." Because Ember loves the *quiet* endings: the stars like our Sun that don't go out with a giant bang, but finish gently, gradually, cooling down over an almost unimaginable stretch of time. To her, that slow, peaceful fade is one of the loveliest things in all the sky.



Ember came to love the quiet endings because they taught her not to be afraid of things winding down.

"Some of the other cast love the loud parts," she says gently. "Wick loves the *spark*. Swell loves the great big *swelling*. And those are wonderful." But Ember, small and soft-winged, had always felt a little braced against endings — a little sad that anything so bright would ever have to stop.

Then she watched a star finish. Not explode — just *finish*. "It shed its outer layers so tenderly," she remembers, glow warm at the memory, "like a flower letting go of its petals, and they drifted out into this beautiful, glowing cloud. And in the middle, all that was left was a tiny, calm, warm little heart — a white dwarf — settling in to cool, ever so slowly, for billions and billions of peaceful years." Ember smiles. "It wasn't scary at all. It was the *gentlest* thing I'd ever seen. That's when I stopped bracing against endings. Some of them, I learned, are just a long, quiet, warm cooling-down — and there's nothing to fear in that. Only rest."



Ember sat in a quiet corner of StarForge and carefully unrolled her cooling-timeline-tracker across the floor. It stretched longer than she was tall, marked with tiny numbers: *millions* of years, then *billions*.

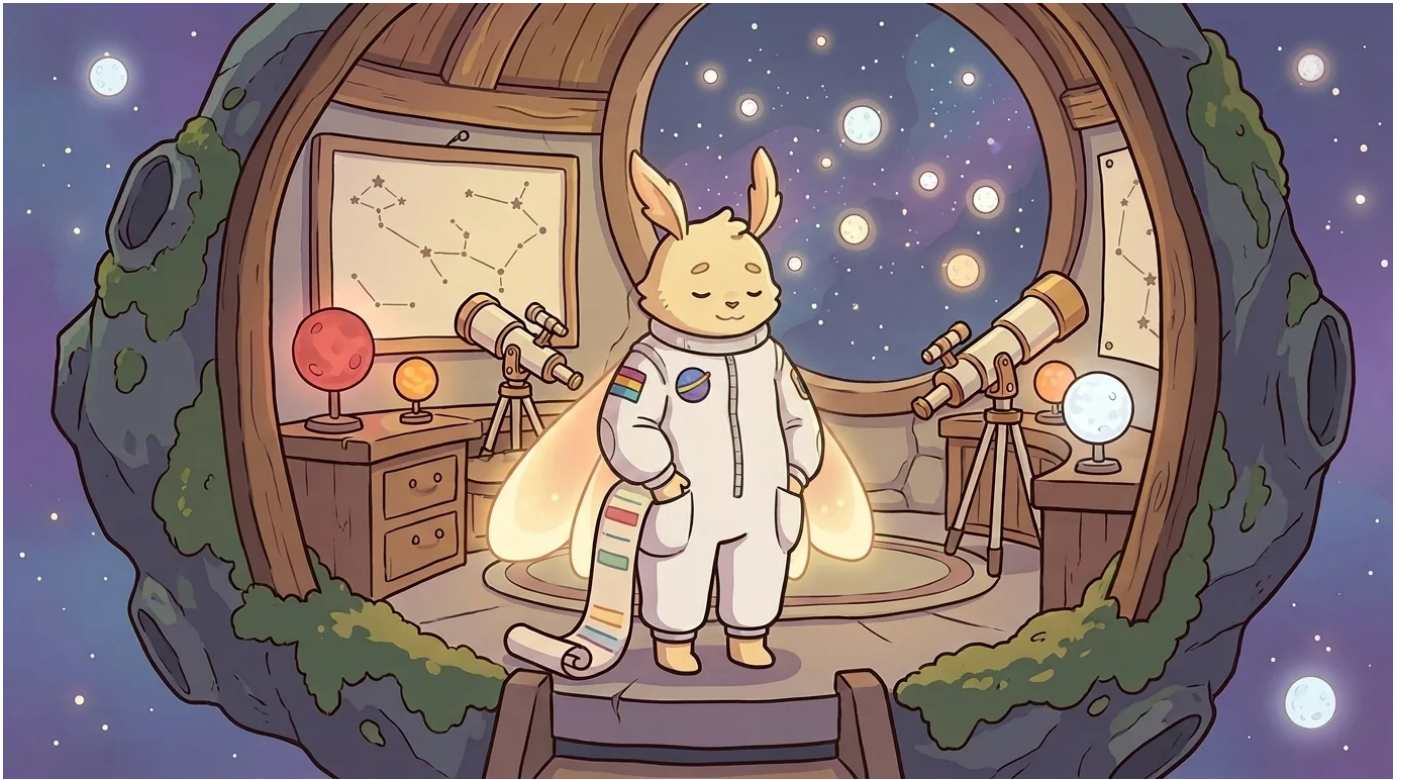
"What're you doing, Ember?" Pip bounced over, full of energy as always.

Ember looked up slowly, her eyes calm. "I'm tracking the end of a star," she said softly.

"The end? Like — *boom*?" Pip made an explosion sound, hands flung wide.



Ember shook her head, a tiny warm smile. "Not all stars go boom. Some end very quietly." She showed a card of a big puffy red star. "This is a red giant — our Sun will become one someday. Then it gently pushes its outer layers away, into this—" a card with a beautiful, colorful, bubble-like cloud — "a planetary nebula." "It's pretty," said Pip. "But where's the star?" Ember pointed to a tiny bright dot at the cloud's center. "Right there. That's what's left — a *white dwarf*. The old star's heart. Super dense — imagine squishing our whole Sun down to the size of Earth. It's very hot when it forms, but it has no fuel left to burn. So it just... cools." She traced her finger along the long tracker — millions of years, then billions. "Billions?" Pip's bounce slowed. "That's a *really* long time." "It is," Ember agreed warmly. "Imagine a warm cookie cooling on the counter — but a cookie that takes *billions* of years to go cold. It just keeps cooling. Slowly. Slowly. Eventually, in theory, it would become a black dwarf — but the universe isn't even old enough yet, so not one has ever finished cooling. They're all still out there, glowing faintly, cooling gently — the quiet ending for so many stars. Like our Sun will be." Pip stared down the long, long tracker. "So — no big explosion. Just a long, slow chill." "Exactly," Ember said, and carefully rolled the tracker back up.



Pip stood quiet a moment, thinking about all those billions of years, and it made their own fast bouncing feel very small and very fast. "Does that make you sad?" they asked. "Endings?"

Ember tucked her cards away, her soft glow steady and calm. "Not anymore," she said.

And as she settled her wings and readied herself for her next quiet task, a deep, peaceful warmth spread gently through Ember — the calm, unhurried, everything-in-its-time feeling she loved best of all. Not the scared, braced feeling of long ago, but something soft and settled: the quiet gladness of knowing that even the brightest things get to rest at last, slowly and warmly and without any fear, glowing faintly on for billions of gentle years. That peaceful, cooling calm — the good, safe feeling of a gentle ending — was, to Ember, the most beautiful light in the whole enormous sky.

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Brawn

BRAWN — how heavy a star is decides its whole life story. A star's mass at birth sets everything: how hot it burns, how long it lives, and how it ends — small stars fade quietly; heavy stars end in a great blast.



Brawn floated in space. Brawn was a sturdy little creature. Brawn wore a chunky astronaut suit. The suit was bright orange. Brawn had strong arms and a kind, round face. In Brawn's hands was a special scale. Brawn called it a star-weigher.

Brawn loved weighing baby stars. "How heavy a star is decides its whole life story," Brawn often said. This was Brawn's favorite truth. Brawn could weigh a brand-new star. And right away, Brawn could tell its future. A light star would live one way. A heavy star would live another. The weight told the whole tale.



A young stargazer floated over. "Two baby stars," the stargazer said. "They look the same to me." Brawn smiled. Brawn set each star on the star-weigher. One was light. One was very heavy. "Watch," Brawn said. Brawn pointed at the light one. "This little one will burn slow and cool. It will live a very, very long time. Billions and billions of years." Then Brawn pointed at the heavy one. "This big one will burn hot and fast. It will live a short, bright life. Then it will end in a giant blast." The stargazer's eyes went wide. "Same start. But you already know how each one ends?" "Just from the weight," Brawn said. "The weight decides."

The academy asked Brawn to teach a class. "Our students think all stars are the same," they said. "Will you show them that weight decides everything?" Brawn was happy to.



Brawn teaches one rule. "Before you guess how a star will live, weigh it first." Brawn held up the star-weigher. "A light star is patient. It sips its fuel. It glows softly for ages and ages, then quietly fades to a small, cooling ember. A heavy star is in a hurry. It burns its fuel fast. It blazes bright, swells huge, and ends in a great blast that scatters stardust everywhere. Neither is better. They are just different sizes, living different lives." A student weighed a star and thought hard. "So if I know the weight, I know the whole story." "You do," Brawn said warmly. "Heavy or light — the weight is the first thing to know."

After class, Brawn floated alone with the star-weigher. Brawn looked at all the stars. Some were big. Most were small.



For a long time, Brawn had wondered something quiet. The heavy stars got all the attention. They blazed. They exploded. They made the big, dramatic shows. The little stars just glowed softly, year after year, doing nothing flashy. Brawn had wondered if the small, light stars were somehow lesser. Less exciting. Less important.

But floating there, Brawn looked again. The little stars were everywhere. They were the most common stars of all. And they would still be shining, gentle and steady, long, long after the big showy ones had burned out. Being light wasn't being lesser. A small star just lived a longer, quieter, more patient life. There was a deep strength in that — the strength to last. A warm, settled gladness filled Brawn's chest. Brawn held the star-weigher close, happy to weigh each star and love it for whatever size it was.

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- **CuriosityQuest** — Texas geography exploration through Linger, Notice, and the Lantern in the Dark
- **QuillSpell** — spelling craft through the Word Wizard cast
- **SynaForge** — sensory-affirming creative tools through Lull, Soften, and the Quiet that is Also Creating

Methodology

This book uses story-based learning — the characters embody the ideas being taught — grounded in the work of Jerome Bruner (on narrative and cognition) and Sebastian Habgood (on weaving learning into the play itself), with a trauma-informed, emotionally-safe approach drawn from SAMHSA's trauma-informed care framework.

Trauma-informed design informed by Eggleston et al. (2025) and Stoltenburg et al. (2024).

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